

## THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

### THE TERRIBLE COLLISION—CONFESSION 193

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Dear, dear little book. You seem like an old, old friend who had been away in a far country.

Here in my hospital bed I have been looking you over and I have laughed and cried as I turned your pages and the days of my married life have again unfolded themselves before me.

It is a queer kind of a sensation to go quickly into the land of nowhere and then wake up in the land of pain.

I took the train from Eliene's on Thursday morning and intended to stop off Friday at Kitty's for a day while on my way home to meet Dick on Saturday.

Kitty and Herbert finally did not have their honeymoon trip as there was a strike declared in the shirt-waist shops and a great many of Herbert's settlement members were among those who "went out."

I left Eliene happy as possible with her babies and she assured me that she would return in the fall to her own home.

"And Harry?" I said.

"Don't ask me, dear," she answered, "for I don't know; I am only living from day to day—trying to be happy from hour to hour."

I got on the train and my thoughts ran ahead to the time when I should see Dick. Dear, dear Dick, who has been so patient and sweet to me all through these weary weeks of pain I have been spending here.

Just about a couple of hundred miles away from Kitty's Mr. Sanders got on the train, much to my surprise and pleasure, for the ride had been dusty, hot and uncomfortable.

He, too, was surprised to see me and dropped into the chair behind me with the flattering remark:

"Fate is sometimes kind to sinful mortals."

Poor man! He little knew how quickly he would have to change his mind on the kindness of Fate.

We chatted on commonplace subjects until "last call for dinner."

At dinner the conversation became more serious and we began to discuss the recent unpopularity of feminism.

"You are not a suffraget?" affirmed rather than asked Mr. Sanders.

"I certainly am!" I answered emphatically.

"Will you tell me why you are one?" he queried with a somewhat quizzical smile as though he knew I would answer: "Just because."

"Well, I believe in votes for women only as one of the things which will bring about the real freedom and self-respect of women and I want to help bring that self-respect, self-reliance and independence to my sex because I am a very conceited woman—perhaps I want my brain to receive the first attention of a man, not my beauty or lack of it.

"Men, Mr. Sanders, are always talking of the spirituality of women but they give their attention to the pretty ones.

"Up to date it is the beautiful body that men have adored in woman."

"Oh, Mrs. Waverly!" Mr. Sanders began, much shocked.

"You are big enough to face the truth," I interrupted. "Look about you. Do your friends marry the sweet spiritual girl who is ugly in face and figure?"

"Which girl makes the best marriage! The girl who is a splendid housekeeper or the one who can dance the new dances divinely?"

"The beauty choruses of the musical comedies have furnished nearly a fourth of the wives of the present English aristocracy and more of America's rich young sons will be found at the stage doors of our city theaters than knocking at the por-